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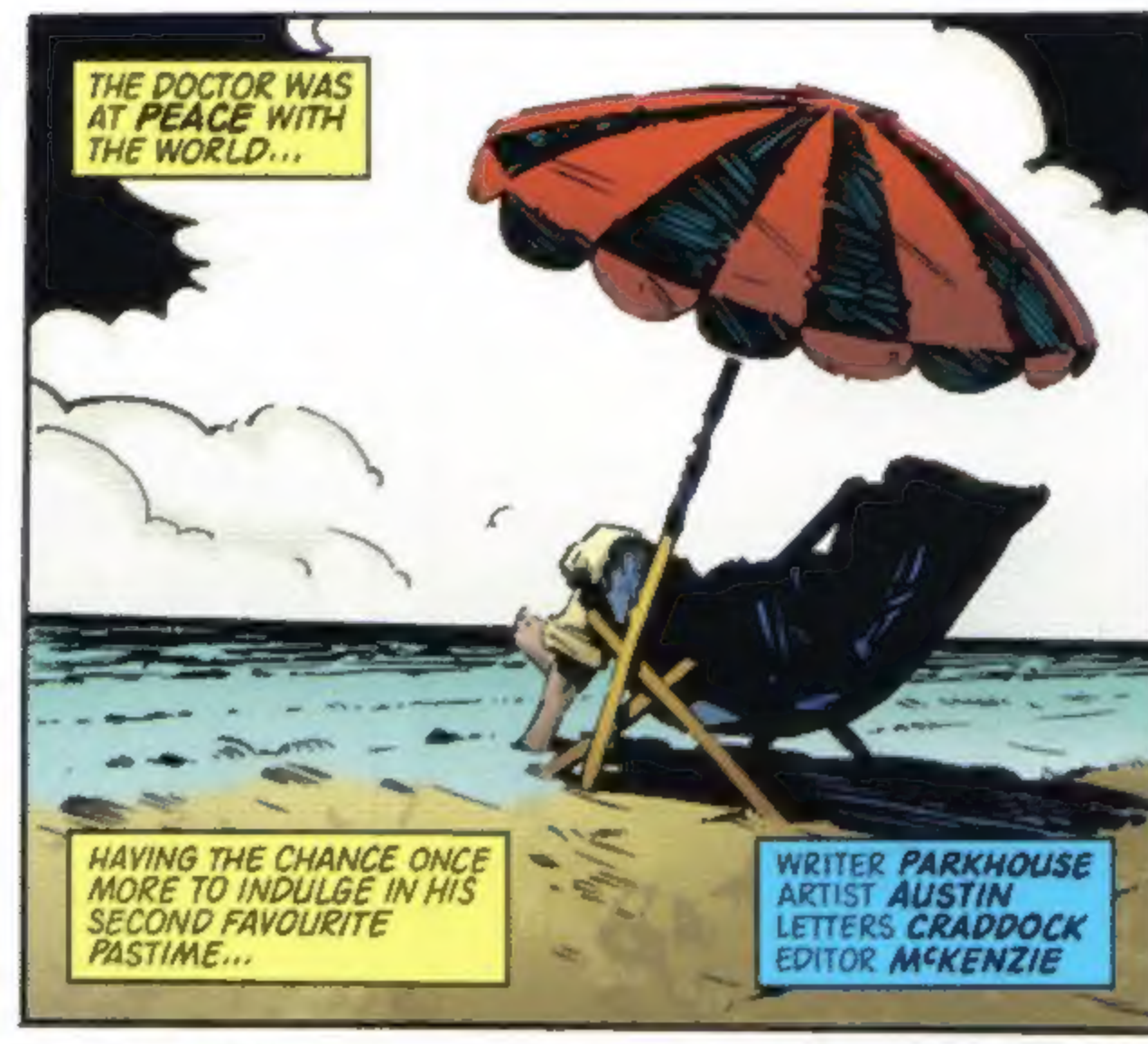
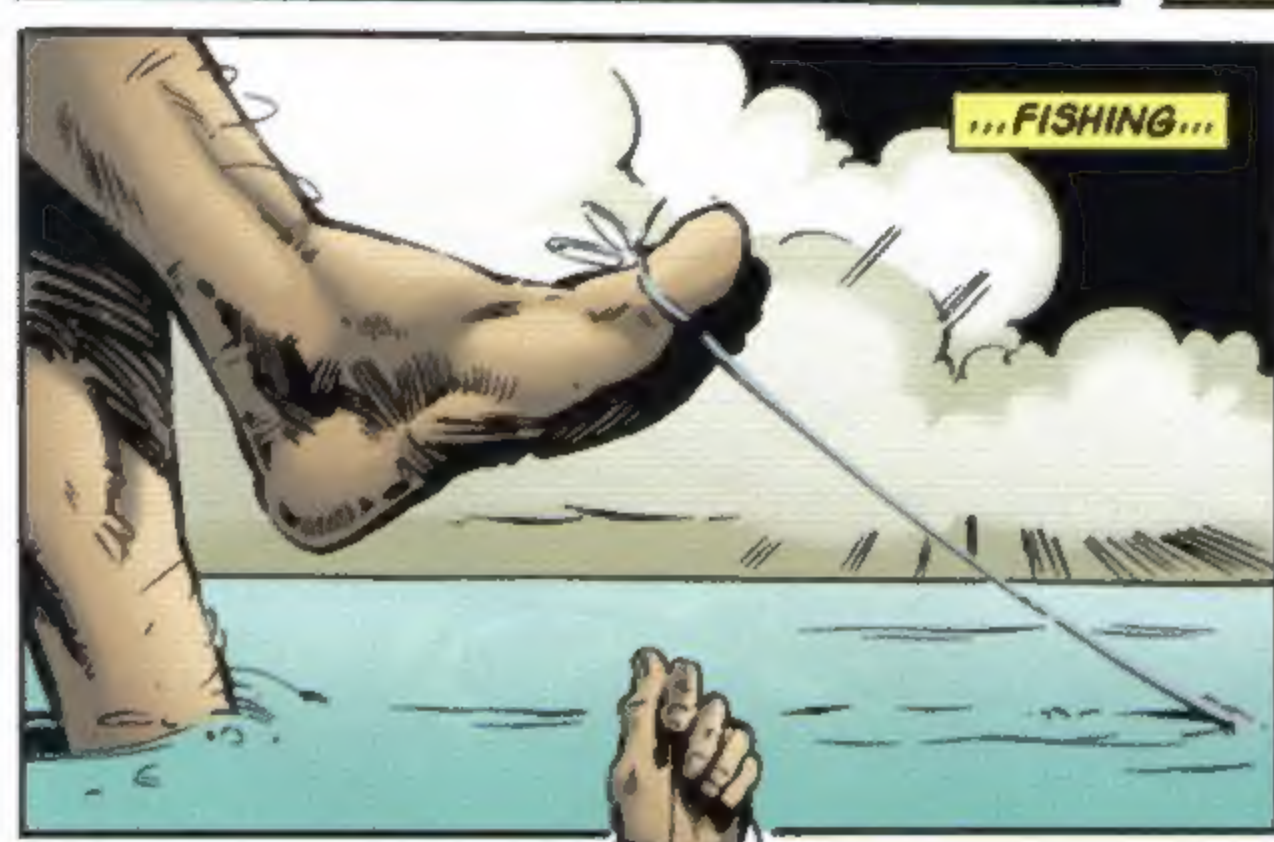
LUNAR LAGOON
DOWN AMONG THE WHITE-CAPS AND FLYING FISH OF THE EQUATORIAL PACIFIC, THE TARDIS NESTLED IN THE LEE OF A CORAL ATOLL...


THE DOCTOR WAS AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD...
HAVING THE CHANCE ONCE MORE TO INDULGE IN HIS SECOND FAVOURITE PASTIME...
WRITER PARKHOUSE
ARTIST AUSTIN
LETTERS CRADDOCK
EDITOR McKENZIE


...FISHING...

I'VE GOT A BITE!
THE DOCTOR HAULED IN, NOT KNOWING WHAT WAS ON THE OTHER END...

NEXT MOMENT, A SHOT RANG OUT, DEAFENING IN THE MID-AFTERNOON STILLNESS...
IT'S A BEAUTY! I HOPE IT'S EDIBLE!
THWAAPP

CRAK!
SOME MANIAC'S SHOOTING AT ME!
FWUBB!

PTWEEEEEE!

STOPPED... EITHER THEY'RE A LOUSY SHOT, OR THEY DON'T INTEND TO DO ME ANY HARM...

KRACK!
FWATT!
OR BOTH!

I KNOW WHAT'S NEEDED HERE... I'VE GOT JUST THE THING!

SOMEWHERE AMONGST ALL THIS JUNK... A PRICE-LESS RELIC...

.... OF A BYGONE AGE. RECOGNISABLE TO MOST PEOPLE OF THIS CENTURY...

WHICH TOGETHER WITH A WHITE FLAG, HOPEFULLY, IS SPEAKING A LANGUAGE THEY WILL UNDERSTAND!

PUT DOWN WEAPON! WALK HERE... HANDS UP!

I KNOW THAT ACCENT...

YOU WHO?
YOOHOO, YOURSELF... NICE DAY FOR A WAR, ISN'T IT?

YOU TELL... WHERE FROM? FROM AM'RICAN SHIP?
NO... NOT FROM AN AMERICAN SHIP.
I BOOKED THIS HOLIDAY WITH AN INDEPENDANT TRAVEL AGENT...

AND I'M GOING TO COMPLAIN MOST STRONGLY WHEN...
QUIET! YOU ARE NOW PRISONER... OF IMPERIAL JAPANESE ARMY!

I THINK YOU MIGHT BE WRONG THERE. I THINK YOU MIGHT FIND THE WAR HAS ENDED...
AT LEAST... I HOPE IT HAS!

YOU SAY WAR OVER?
THEN WHO WIN?

OH, DEAR... THIS COULD BE TRICKY... IF I TELL HIM THE TRUTH HE'LL PROBABLY SHOOT ME...
AND IF I LIE... HE'LL STILL PROBABLY SHOOT ME!

PERHAPS I WAS MISTAKEN... PERHAPS THE WAR IS NOT OVER...
THEN YOU ARE PRISONER! WALK INTO BUSH!

BY THE WAY... HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN HERE?
NO TALK! JUST WALK!
FOR HALF AN HOUR THE DOCTOR WAS MARCHED THROUGH THROUGH THICK JUNGLE... UNTIL THEY REACHED A CLEARING...

SIT THERE... I MUST TIE YOU...

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WRONG WITH THAT...
BEFORE YOU CAN TIE ME UP, YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT YOUR RIFLE DOWN...
AHHH... I NOT TIE YOU UP... YOU JUST SIT... SIT QUIET AND STILL...

NIGHT FELL... THE MOON ROSE, A HUGE PALE LANTERN IN THE SKY, DIMMING EVEN THE TROPICAL STARS...

ARE WE GOING TO SIT HERE FOREVER? WITHOUT EATING OR SLEEPING?
AREN'T YOU HUNGRY?

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS PUT YOUR RIFLE DOWN AND WE CAN BOTH EAT... OR SLEEP...
YOU NOT FROM AM'RICAN SHIP?

NO... I'M FROM A DISTANT PLACE... I'M NOT INVOLVED IN YOUR WAR...

IF I PUT DOWN RIFLE, YOU NOT BETRAY ME?
NO. I WON'T BETRAY YOU... I'LL EVEN COOK SOME FISH FOR US...

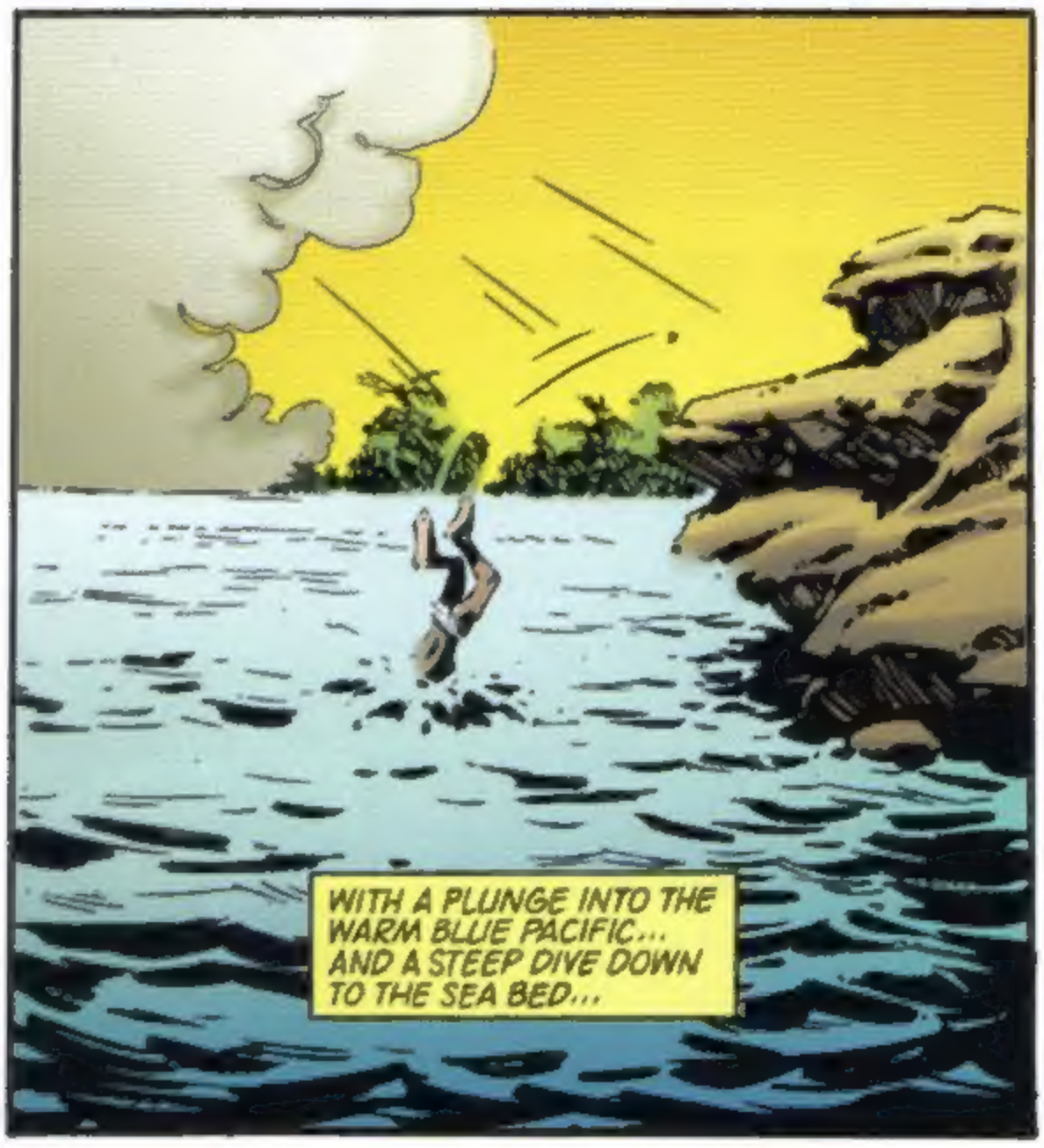
NO! NO COOK FISH... EAT FISH RAW... VERY GOOD!
YOU TRY!

I'D MUCH RATHER COOK MINE, IF YOU DON'T MIND...
NO! FIRE MAKE FLAME... FLAME SEEN BY AM'RICANS! YOU EAT FISH RAW!

SO THE DOCTOR SPENT A DAMP AND HUNGRY NIGHT, WAKING TO A GREY DAWN THAT DRIPPED WITH JUNGLE DEW...
UHHH... WHERE...WHERE IS HE?

HE'S GONE... AND HE'S TAKEN HIS RIFLE WITH HIM...

DOWN AT THE WATERLINE, THE SOLDIER WAS ALREADY STARTING HIS DAY...


WITH A PLUNGE INTO THE WARM BLUE PACIFIC... AND A STEEP DIVE DOWN TO THE SEA BED...

THE PLAY OF SUNLIGHT ON WATER, THE TEEMING SEA...THE CRY OF CIRCLING GULLS WERE ALL COMPENSATION FOR HIS EXILE...

THAT AND HIS NATURAL INSTINCT FOR SURVIVAL...

GOOD MORNING!
UP UNTIL NOW, THAT IS!

THE RIFLE SHOULDN'T BE EXPOSED TO SALT-WATER... IT MAY CORRODE SOMETHING...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I FISH FOR CLAMS... AND OYSTERS! SOME-TIMES FIND PEARLS!

I DIDN'T MEAN THAT... I MEAN WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WHERE'S YOUR UNIT?
THEY ALL GONE... BIG HURRY... AM'RICANS MAKE BIG PUSH...

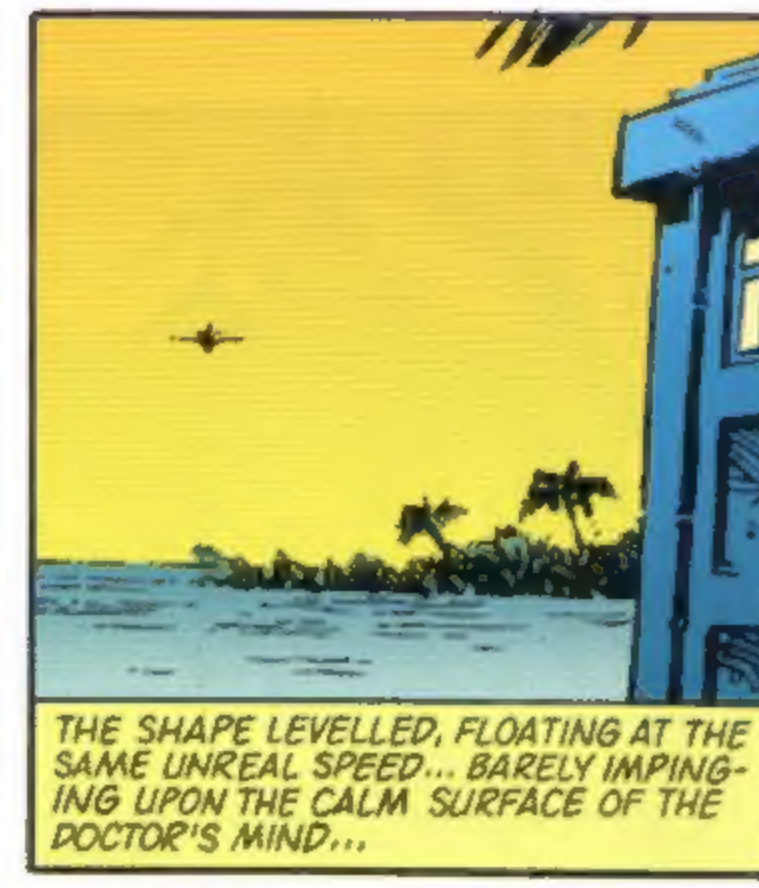
I AM... WAS... IN FOWARD OBSERVATION PATROL... YES?
I GO AHEAD OF MAIN TROOP... FIND EASY WAYS TO ISLANDS... I STUDY REEFS... TIDES... VERY SPECIALISED...

AT HOME IN OKINAWA I AM FISHERMAN, YES? I HAVE BOAT... BEAUTIFUL BOAT CALLED "FLUSH OF DAWN"...
YOU HAVE BOAT?

YES, I SUPPOSE IN A WAY I HAVE... THE TARDIS IS MY BOAT... AND I SUPPOSE IT, TOO, IS BEAUTIFUL... IN ITS OWN WAY...

A BREEZE RUFFLED THE SURFACE OF THE SPARKLING SEA... THE DOCTOR FELT AN OVERWHELMING PEACE DESCEND ON HIM... A TIMELESS MOMENT...

A SHAPE DRIFTED AGAINST THE BLUE SKY, LIKE A GULL BANKING IN A LAZY TURN... CAUGHT BY THE HIGH SUN AGAINST AN AZURE DOME...


THE SHAPE LEVELLED, FLOATING AT THE SAME UNREAL SPEED... BARELY IMPINGING UPON THE CALM SURFACE OF THE DOCTOR'S MIND...

THEN THE CALM WAS SHATTERED BY THE HAMMERING OF GUNS...
THE ROARING SCREAM OF A HURTLING FIGHTER!
THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING! THIS IS 1983! IT CAN'T BE HAPPENING!

THE DOCTOR RAN... THE PLANE TURNED, BANKING HIGH... THEN FLASHED IN ON ANOTHER PASS...

TRY TELLING THE PILOT, DOCTOR... HE'S JUST DROPPED A BOMB ON YOUR TARDIS!

THE DOCTOR, SEEKING REST AND RECUPERATION FROM HIS TRIALS ON GALLIFREY, HAD LANDED ON AN ISLAND IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC...

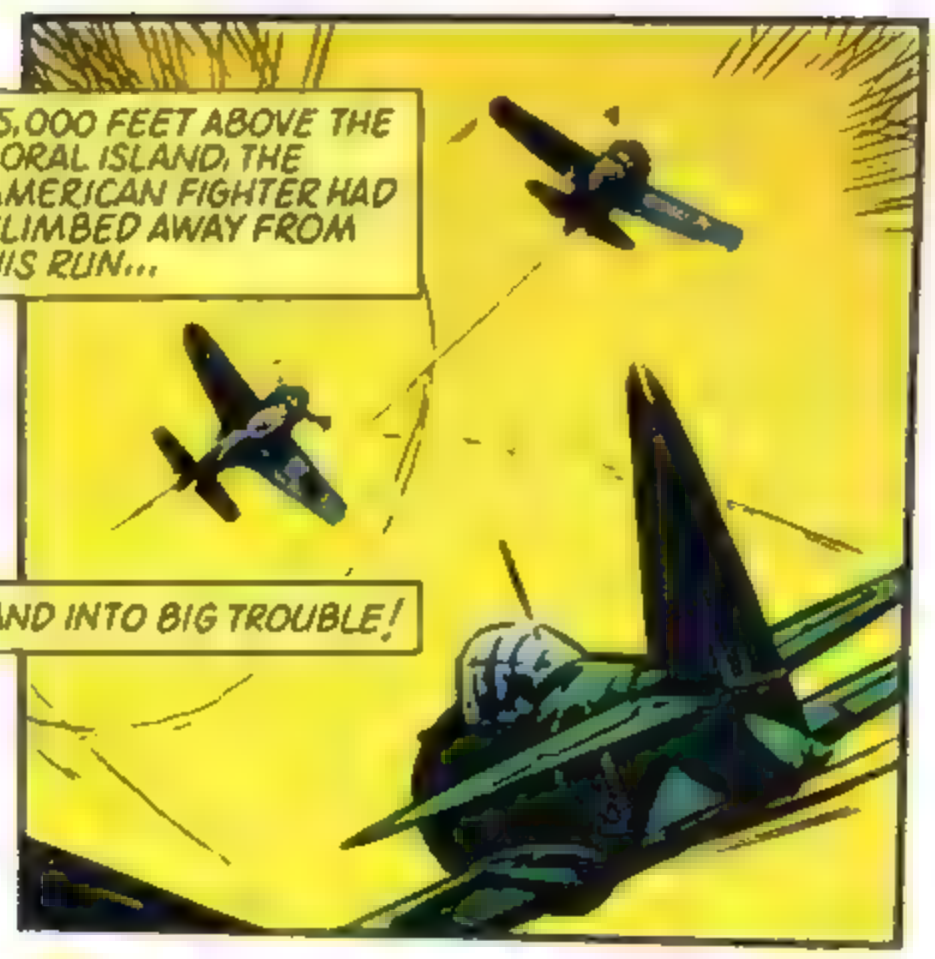
LUNAR LAGOON

WRITER PARKHOUSE
ARTIST AUSTIN
SCRIBE CRADDOCK
EDITOR McKENZIE

...AND NOW FOUND HIMSELF IN THE MIDDLE OF **WORLD WAR II!**

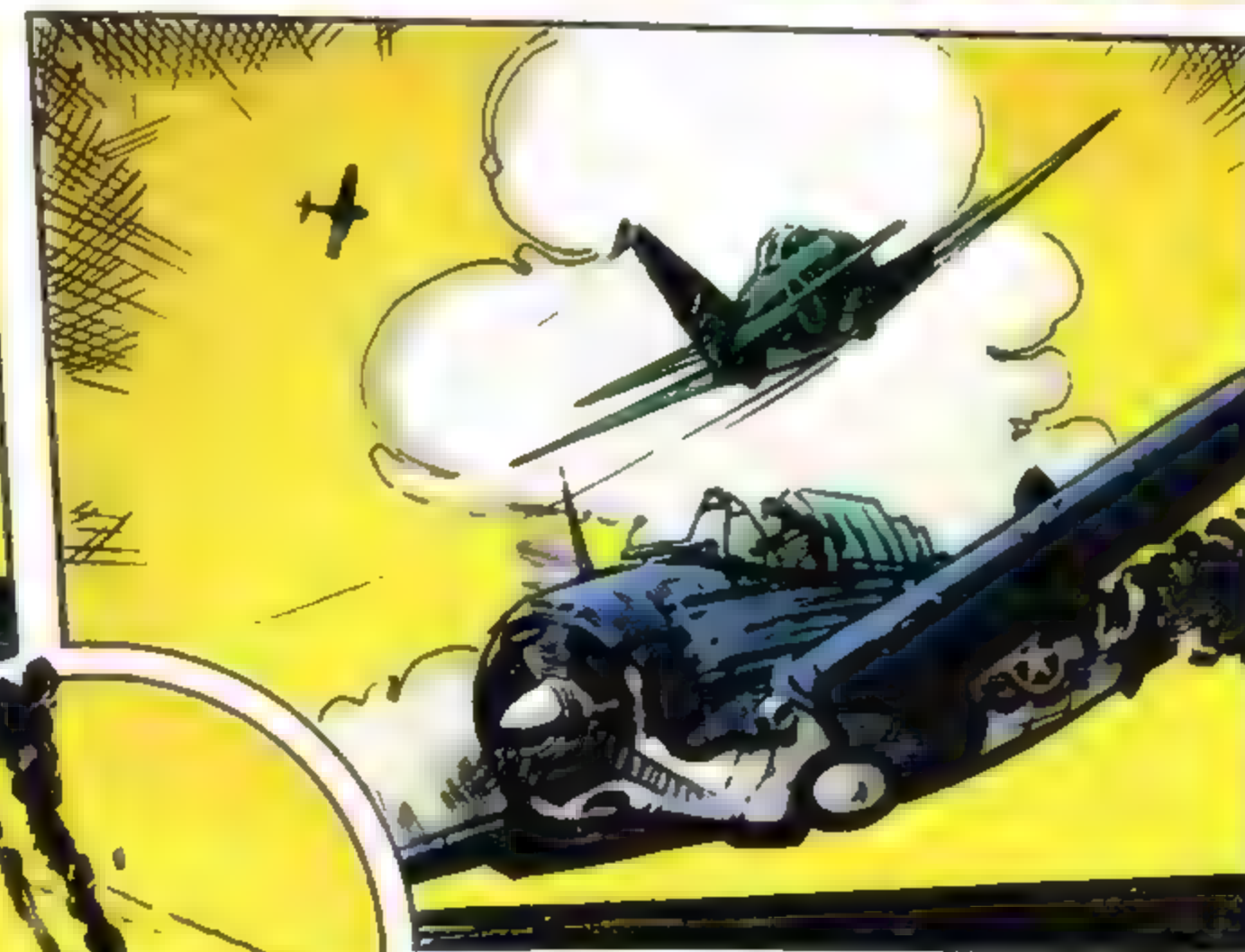
NOT ONLY HAD HE BEEN **CAPTURED** BY A LONE JAPANESE SOLDIER...

BUT ALSO HIS TARDIS WAS UNDER ATTACK BY AN AMERICAN PLANE...

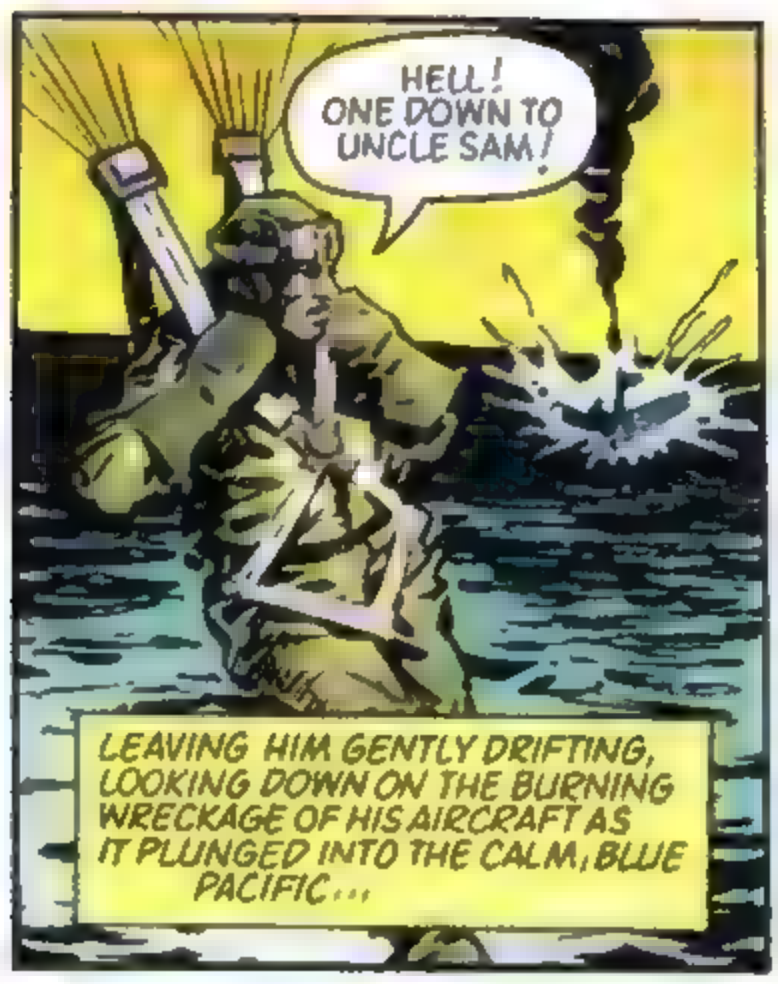

15,000 FEET ABOVE THE CORAL ISLAND, THE AMERICAN FIGHTER HAD CLIMBED AWAY FROM HIS RUN...
AND INTO BIG TROUBLE!

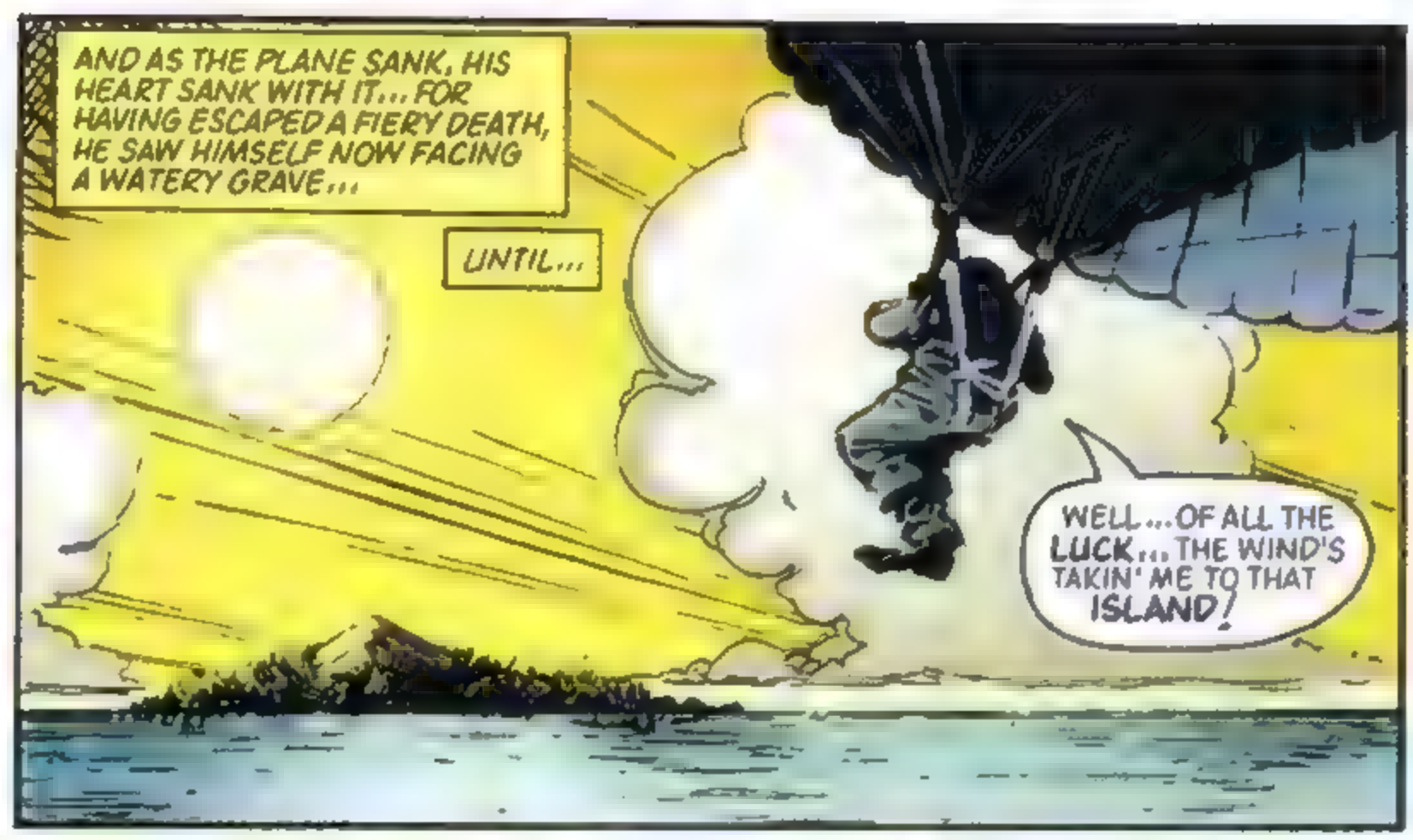
TWO JAPANESE ZEROS POUNCED... ONE OF THEM CLOSING FOR THE KILL...

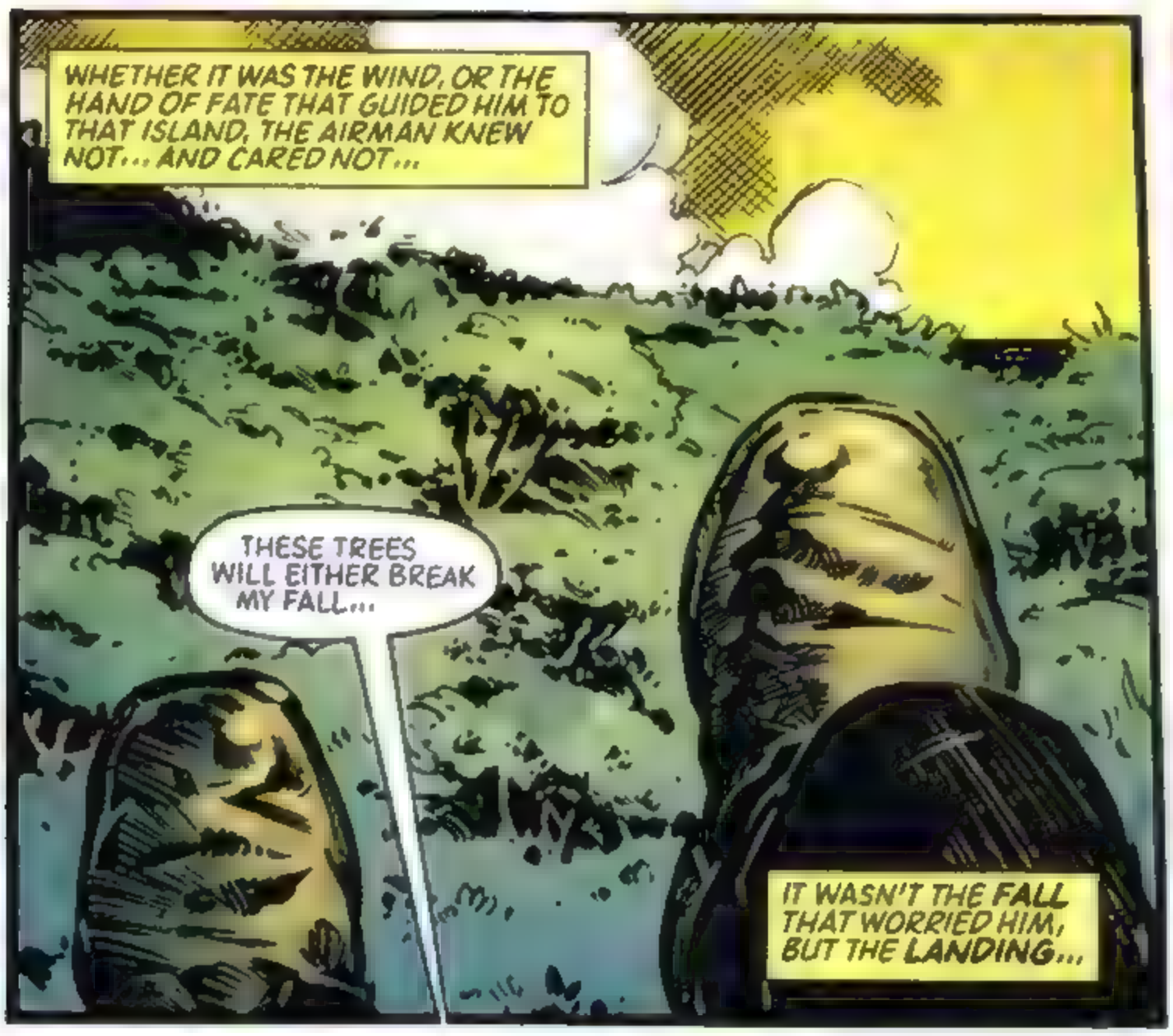
WHILE THE SECOND MADE A HEAD-ON ATTACK!



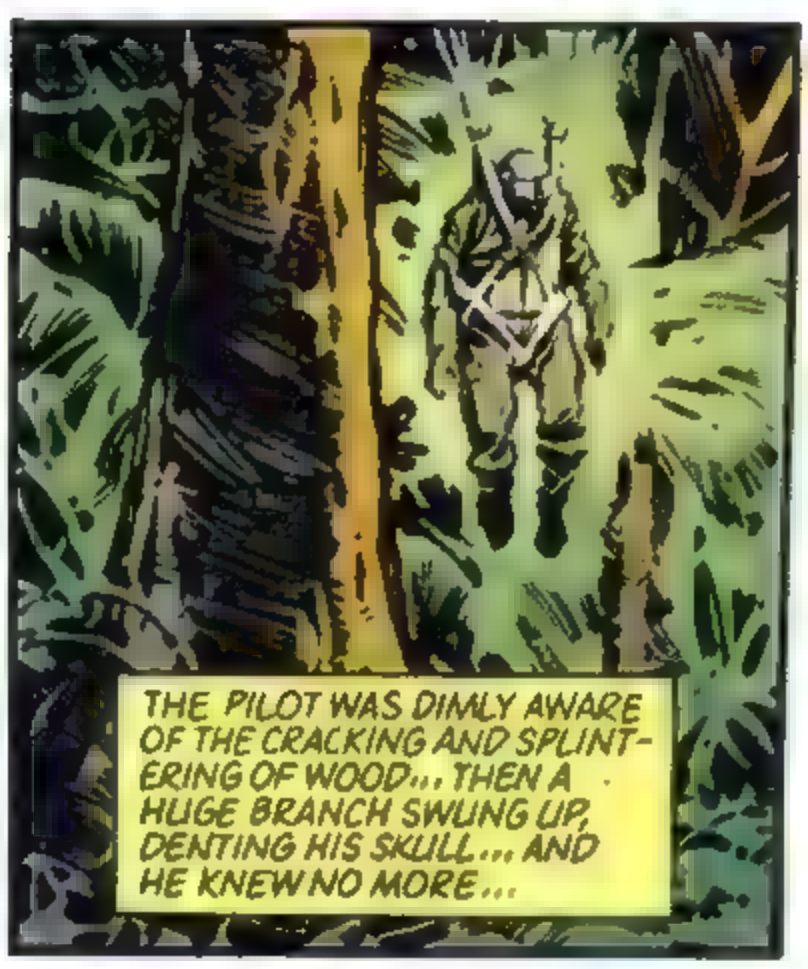
FUEL LINES SHATTERED, THE FIGHTER WAS SOON A BLAZING DEATH-TRAP!
THE PILOT HIT EVERY PANIC BUTTON IN SIGHT... AND A FEW MORE BESIDES...
THEN MUTTERED A BREATHLESS PRAYER AS HIS PLUMMETING DESCENT WAS HALTED WITH A SNAP, A SILK CANOPY OPENED ABOVE HIM...

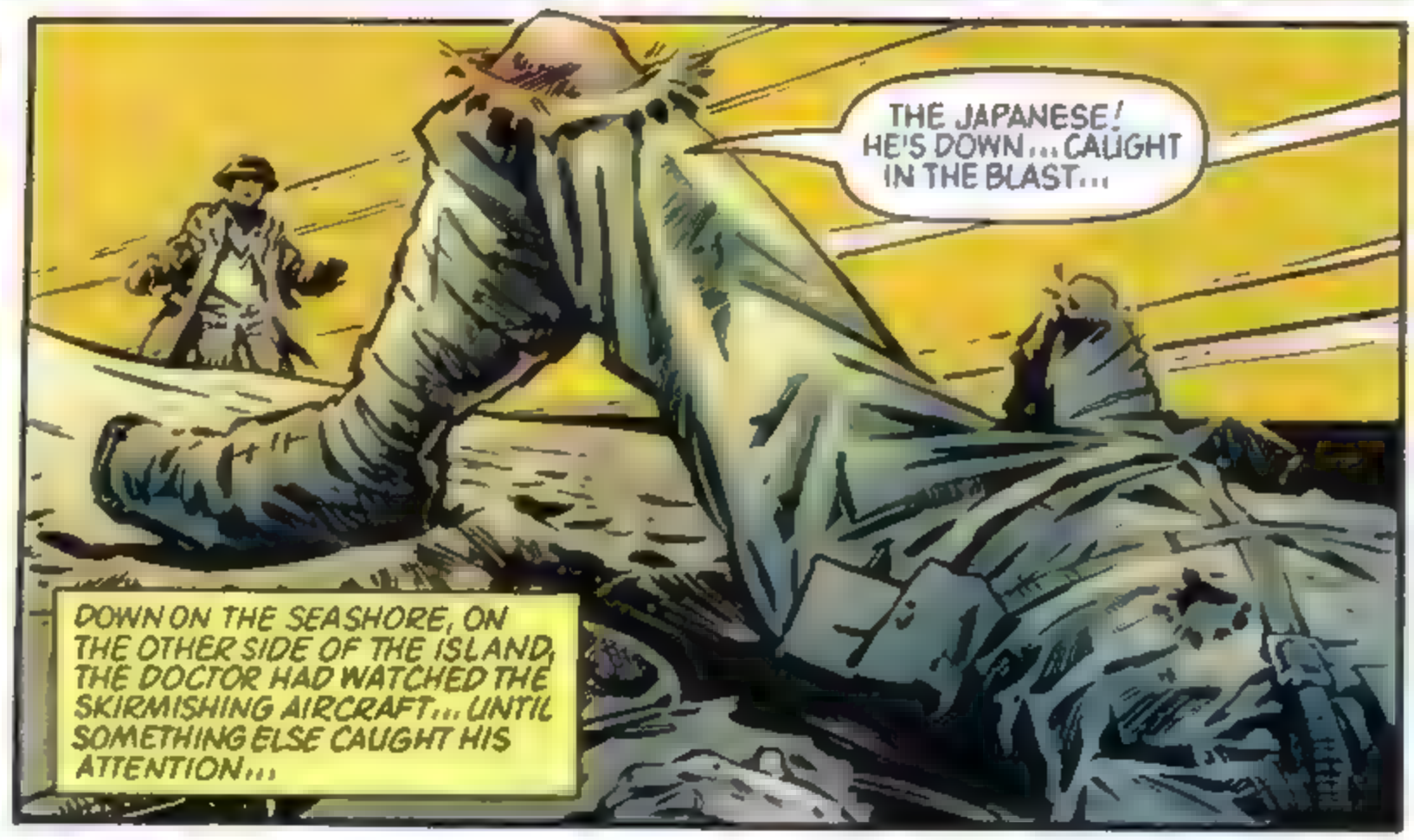

HELL! ONE DOWN TO UNCLE SAM!
LEAVING HIM GENTLY DRIFTING, LOOKING DOWN ON THE BURNING WRECKAGE OF HIS AIRCRAFT AS IT PLUNGED INTO THE CALM, BLUE PACIFIC...


AND AS THE PLANE SANK, HIS HEART SANK WITH IT... FOR HAVING ESCAPED A FIERY DEATH, HE SAW HIMSELF NOW FACING A WATERY GRAVE...
UNTIL...
WELL...OF ALL THE LUCK... THE WIND'S TAKIN' ME TO THAT ISLAND!


WHETHER IT WAS THE WIND, OR THE HAND OF FATE THAT GUIDED HIM TO THAT ISLAND, THE AIRMAN KNEW NOT... AND CARED NOT...
THESE TREES WILL EITHER BREAK MY FALL...
IT WASN'T THE FALL THAT WORRIED HIM, BUT THE LANDING...

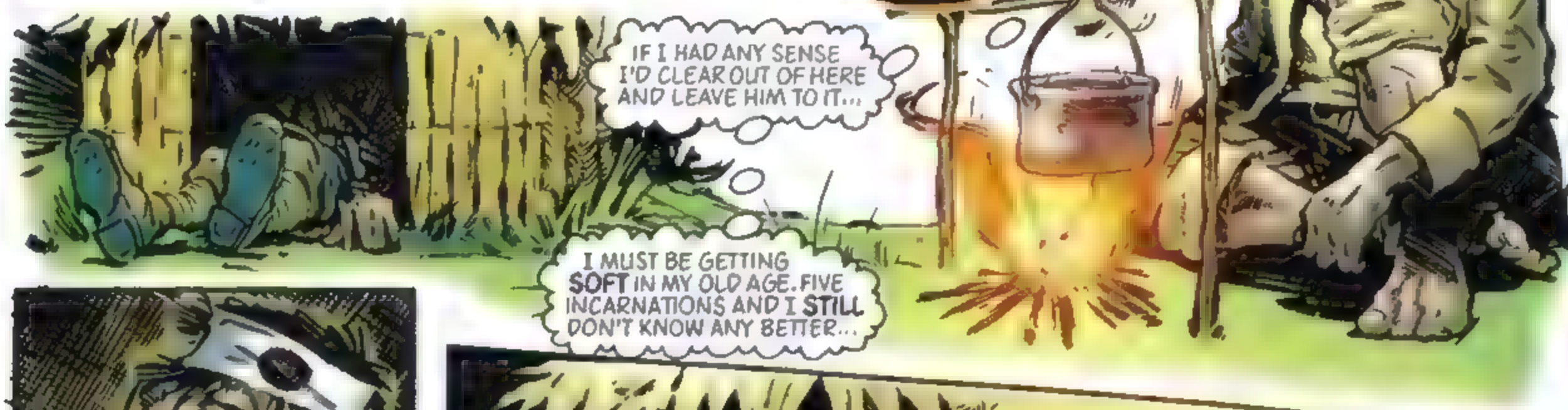
OR MY NECK!
CRASH!


THE PILOT WAS DIMLY AWARE OF THE CRACKING AND SPLINTERING OF WOOD... THEN A HUGE BRANCH SWUNG UP, DENTING HIS SKULL... AND HE KNEW NO MORE...


THE JAPANESE! HE'S DOWN... CAUGHT IN THE BLAST...
DOWN ON THE SEASHORE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND, THE DOCTOR HAD WATCHED THE SKIRMISHING AIRCRAFT... UNTIL SOMETHING ELSE CAUGHT HIS ATTENTION...

OHHHH...
AT LEAST YOU'RE STILL BREATHING... ANYTHING BROKEN?

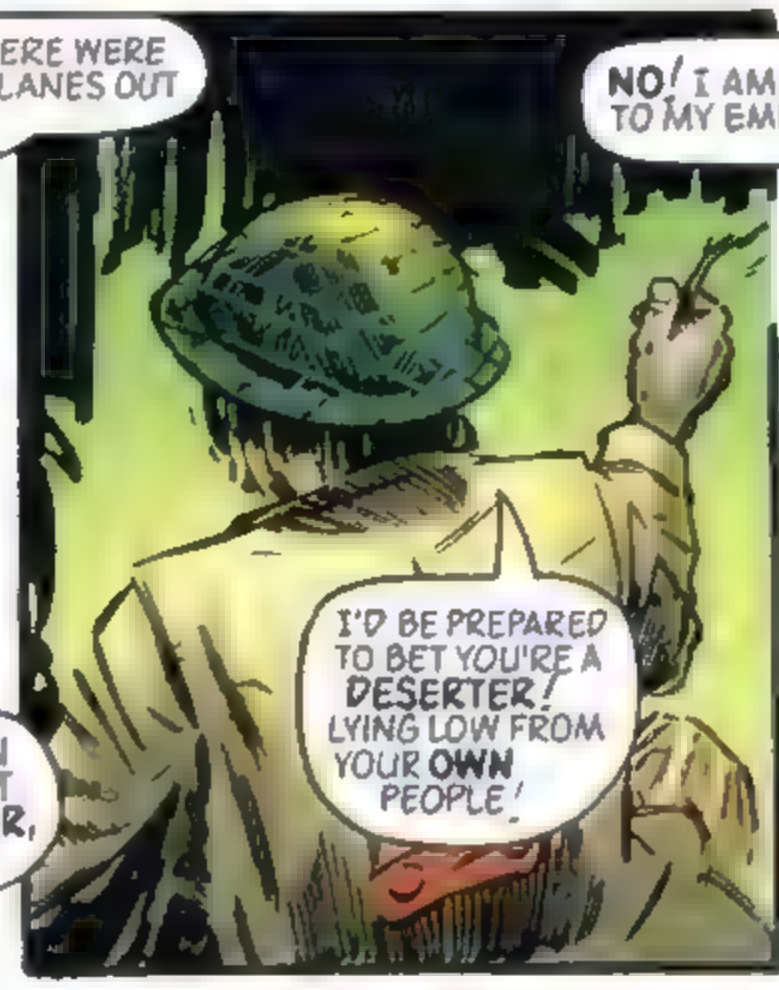
COME ON... I'LL TAKE YOU BACK TO YOUR CAMP AND TRY TO PATCH YOU UP...
IT'S NOTHING MORE THAN A FEW CUTS AND BRUISES...


IF I HAD ANY SENSE I'D CLEAR OUT OF HERE AND LEAVE HIM TO IT...
I MUST BE GETTING **SOFT** IN MY OLD AGE. FIVE INCARNATIONS AND I **STILL** DON'T KNOW ANY BETTER...

NO FIRE! **NO FIRE!** PLANES SEE SMOKE!

BE QUIET... I'M BOILING SOME WATER TO WASH THOSE WOUNDS. YOU'VE GOT **SAND** IN THEM... AND GOODNESS KNOWS WHAT ELSE...

BESIDES... THERE WERE **JAPANESE** PLANES OUT THERE...
SO YOUR MAIN TROOP HASN'T GONE VERY **FAR**, HAS IT?


NO! I AM **LOYAL** TO MY EMPEROR!
I'D BE PREPARED TO BET YOU'RE A **DESERTER!** LYING LOW FROM YOUR **OWN** PEOPLE!

YOU DARE TO DOUBT MY **HONOUR?**

OH... I FORGOT ABOUT YOUR PRECIOUS HONOUR...
YOU FIGHTING MEN ARE ALL THE SAME...

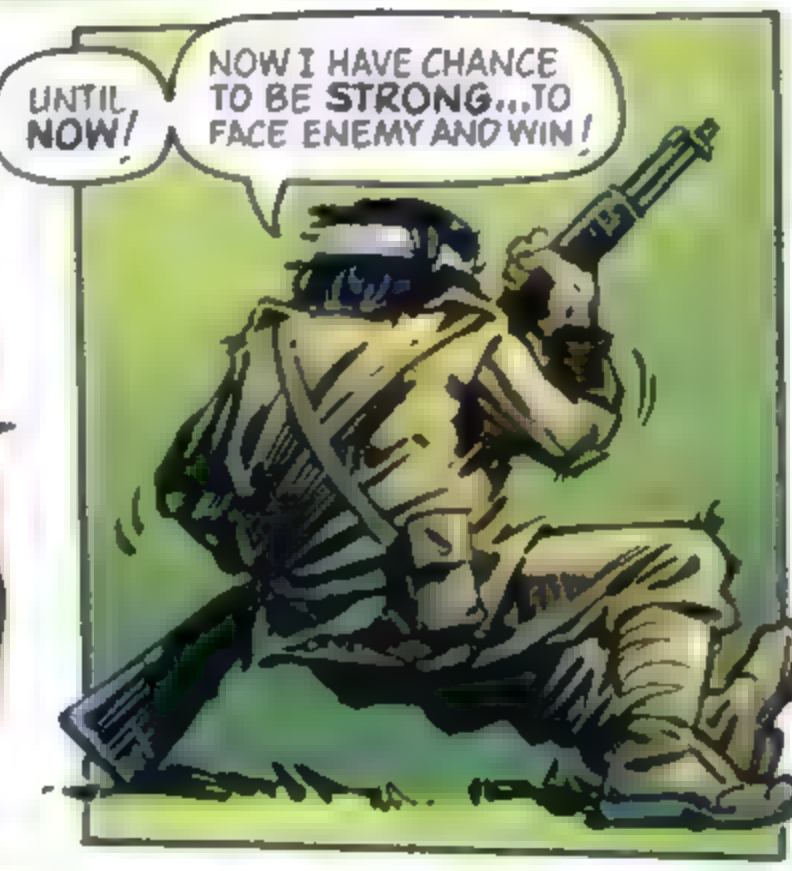
HIDING BEHIND YOUR HONOUR YOU TREMBLE AT THE TRUTH...
THE COLD, HARD TRUTH THAT PERHAPS THE WORLD CAN SURVIVE WITHOUT YOU...

BUT YOU'RE NOT A FIGHTING MAN, ARE YOU? YOU'RE JUST A SIMPLE FISHERMAN CAUGHT UP IN SOMETHING YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...
THE WATER'S BOILED... TIME FOR YOUR BATH...
NO!!
I AM A SOLDIER!
I FIGHT FOR MY COUNTRY... FOR MY EMPEROR!
I FIGHT..
I...WIN...

YOU'RE TOO TIRED TO FIGHT... TIRED OF HIDING AND LIVING ON YOUR WITS...
LISTEN, WHAT'S YOUR NAME? WHAT SHALL I CALL YOU?

MY NAME IS... FUJI... SAME AS MOUNTAIN...
BIG JOKE, YES?

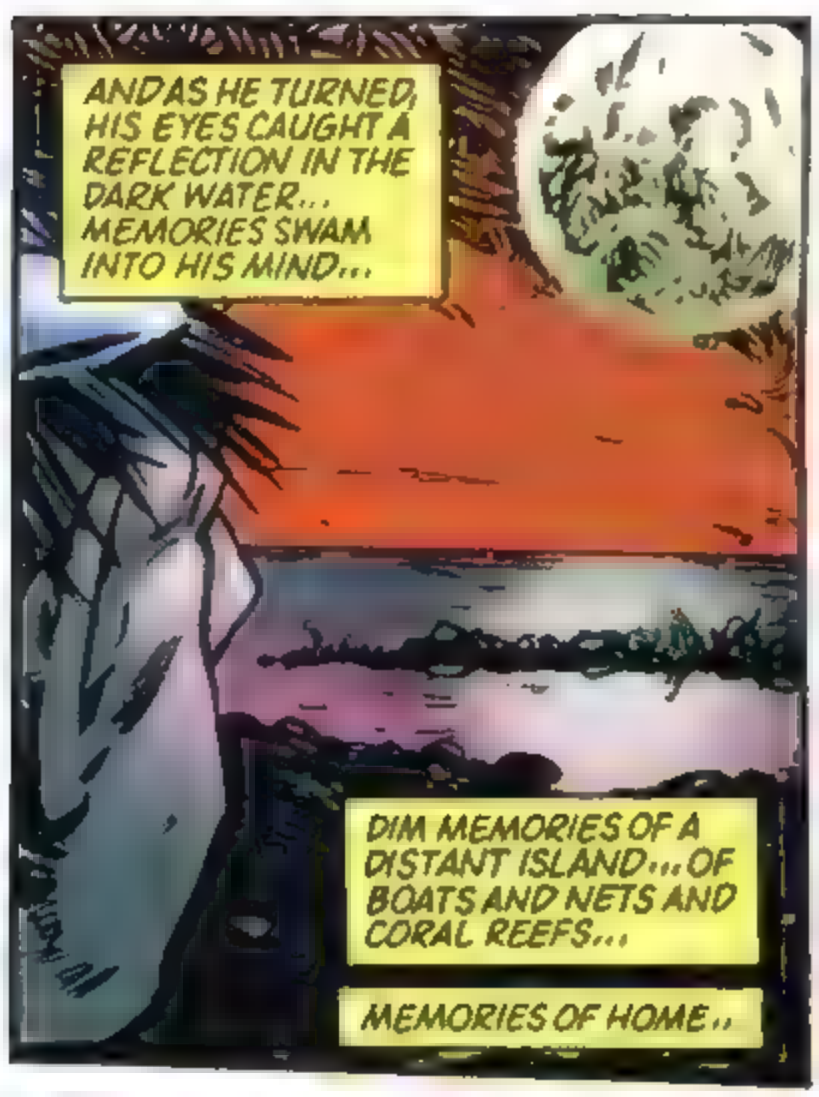
ALL MY LIFE, PEOPLE EXPECT ME TO BE STRONG... LIKE MOUNTAIN... UNMOVING, LIKE MOUNTAIN...
AND ALL MY LIFE, I AM WEAK...


UNTIL NOW!
NOW I HAVE CHANCE TO BE STRONG...TO FACE ENEMY AND WIN!

FUJI...YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE... YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT! STAY HERE AND REST!

BUT THE LITTLE FISHERMAN WAS NOT LISTENING...
CONCUSSED AND CONFUSED HE STUMBLED ON INTO THE ISLAND INTERIOR...

EVENING FELL...
A HUGE TROPICAL MOON ROSE AS FUJI LEFT THE JUNGLE BEHIND AND STRUGGLED UP THE FOOT OF A MOUNTAIN...

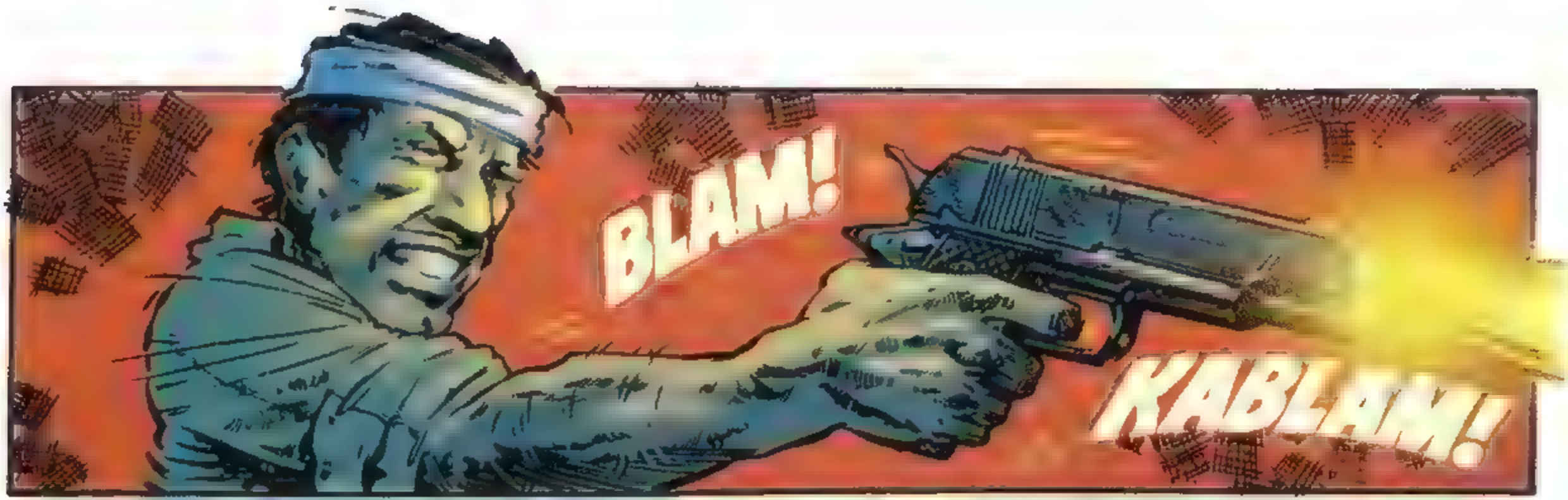

AND AS HE TURNED, HIS EYES CAUGHT A REFLECTION IN THE DARK WATER... MEMORIES SWAM INTO HIS MIND...
DIM MEMORIES OF A DISTANT ISLAND... OF BOATS AND NETS AND CORAL REEFS...
MEMORIES OF HOME...

THEN HE REMEMBERED HE WAS A SOLDIER... AND HE PUSHED ON GRIMLY, CROSSING THE MOUNTAIN AND INTO THE FOREST BEYOND...

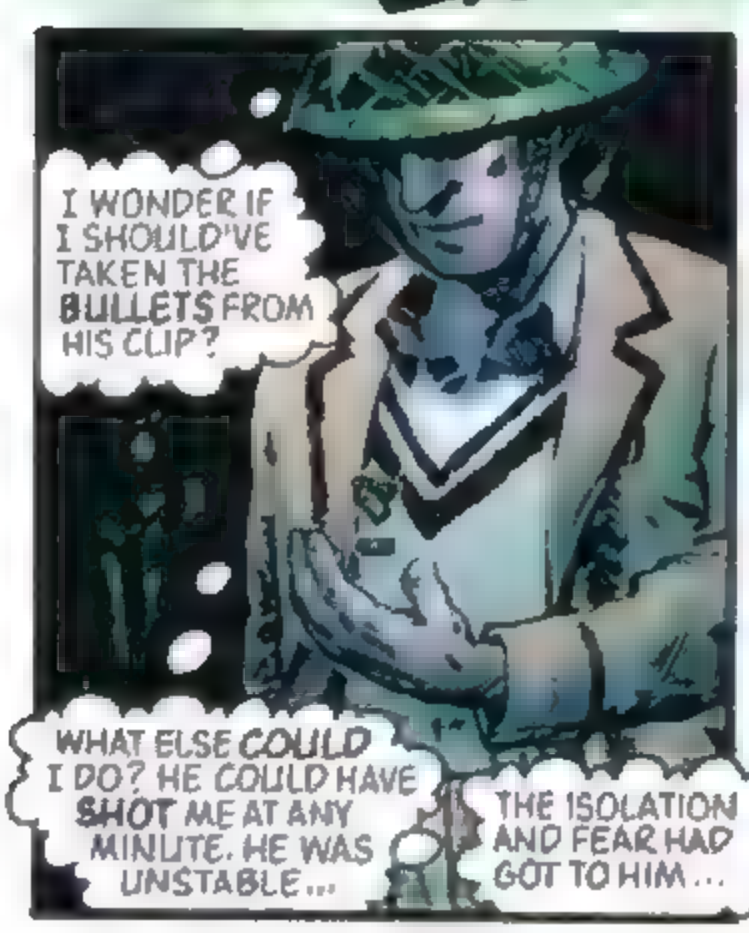
AND THERE, IN A CLEARING, BY THE LIGHT OF A FULL MOON...
AM'RICAN PILOT LAND HERE... NOW I FIND HIM... MAKE PRISONER!

FATE HAS SENT ENEMY TO ME... NOW I MUST BECOME A SOLDIER... NOW I MUST BECOME STRONG!

FUJI FELT RATHER THAN HEARD A PRESENCE AT THE EDGE OF THE FOREST...
CLICK! CLICK!
HE REACTED INSTINCTIVELY, LIKE A TRUE SOLDIER... WHIRLING IN A LIGHTENING MOVE, FINGER SQUEEZING THE TRIGGER OF HIS RIFLE...


BLAM!
KABLAM!

... AND LIKE A TRUE SOLDIER HE DIED, STILL NOT KNOWING, NOT UNDERSTANDING WHY...
THE DOCTOR WINCED INWARDLY...
IN THE STILL NIGHT AIR, THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE CARRIED CLEAR ACROSS THE JUNGLE TREE-TOPS.

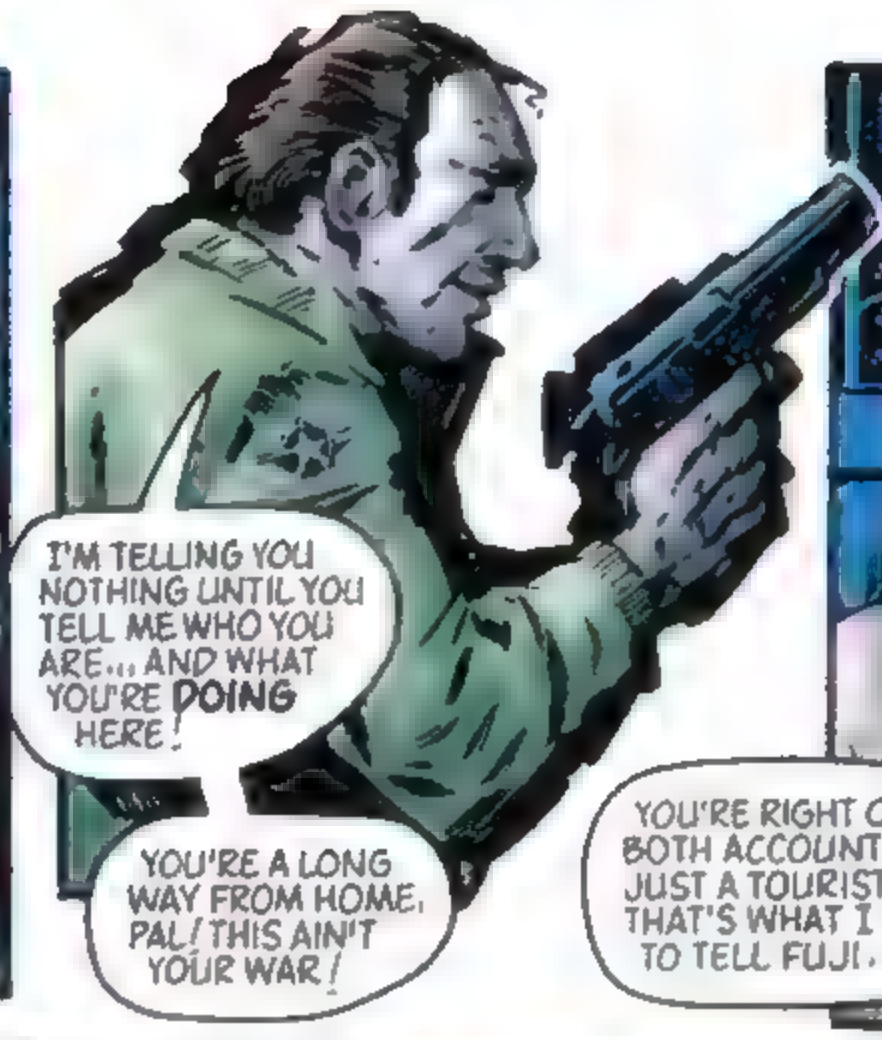

I WONDER IF I SHOULD'VE TAKEN THE BULLETS FROM HIS CLIP?
WHAT ELSE COULD I DO? HE COULD HAVE SHOT ME AT ANY MINUTE. HE WAS UNSTABLE...
THE ISOLATION AND FEAR HAD GOT TO HIM...

I HAD NO ALTERNATIVE, IT WAS A QUESTION OF SURVIVAL...

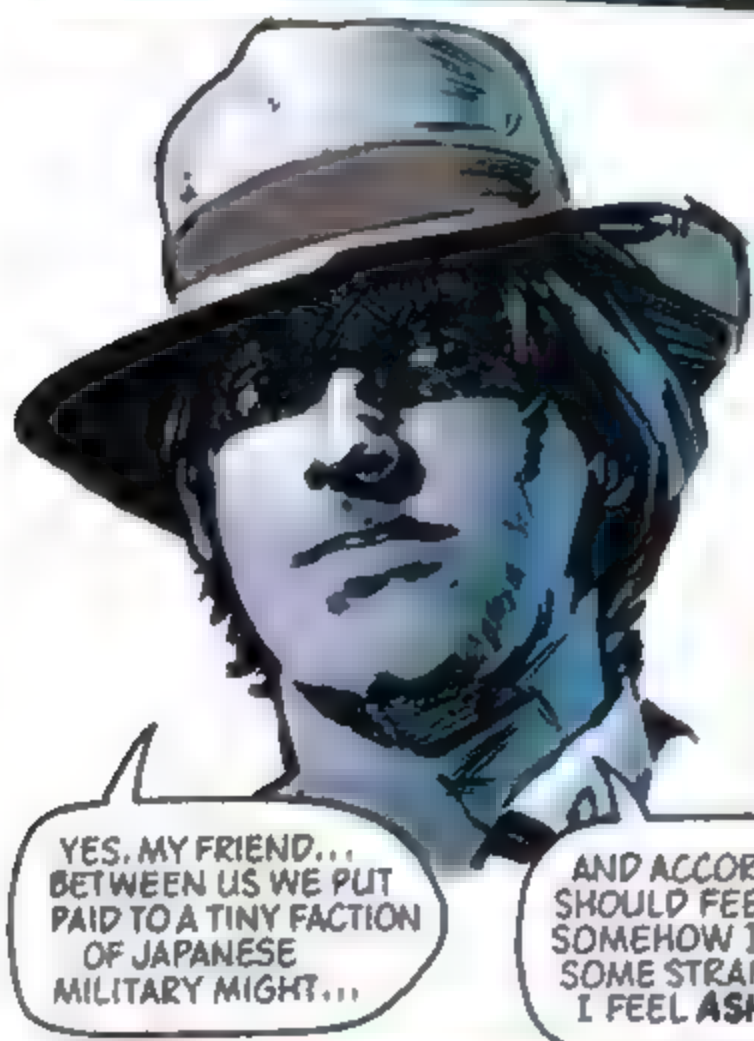
PERHAPS IF I REPEAT IT OFTEN ENOUGH...
I'LL FINALLY BELIEVE IT.

DESPITE THE WARMTH AND BRIGHTNESS OF A TROPICAL SUN AND THE SPARKLING BLUE OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN, THE DOCTOR FOUND HIMSELF IN A MELANCHOLY FRAME OF MIND.
HIS SEARCH FOR SOLITUDE HAD PROVED FRUITLESS ONCE AGAIN...
WRITER PARKHOUSE
ARTIST AUSTIN
SCRIBE CRADDOCK
EDITOR McKENZIE
4-Dimensional VISTAS
PART I
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, BUB...
...SHATTERED BY THE ALL-TOO REAL EVENTS OF A WORLD WAR...
GET YOUR HANDS UP ON THAT WALL AND SPREADEAGLE...
THE DOCTOR FOUND HIMSELF BEING EXPERTLY FRISKED...
IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR MONEY...
LIKE CERTAIN ROYAL FAMILIES, I DON'T CARRY ANY...

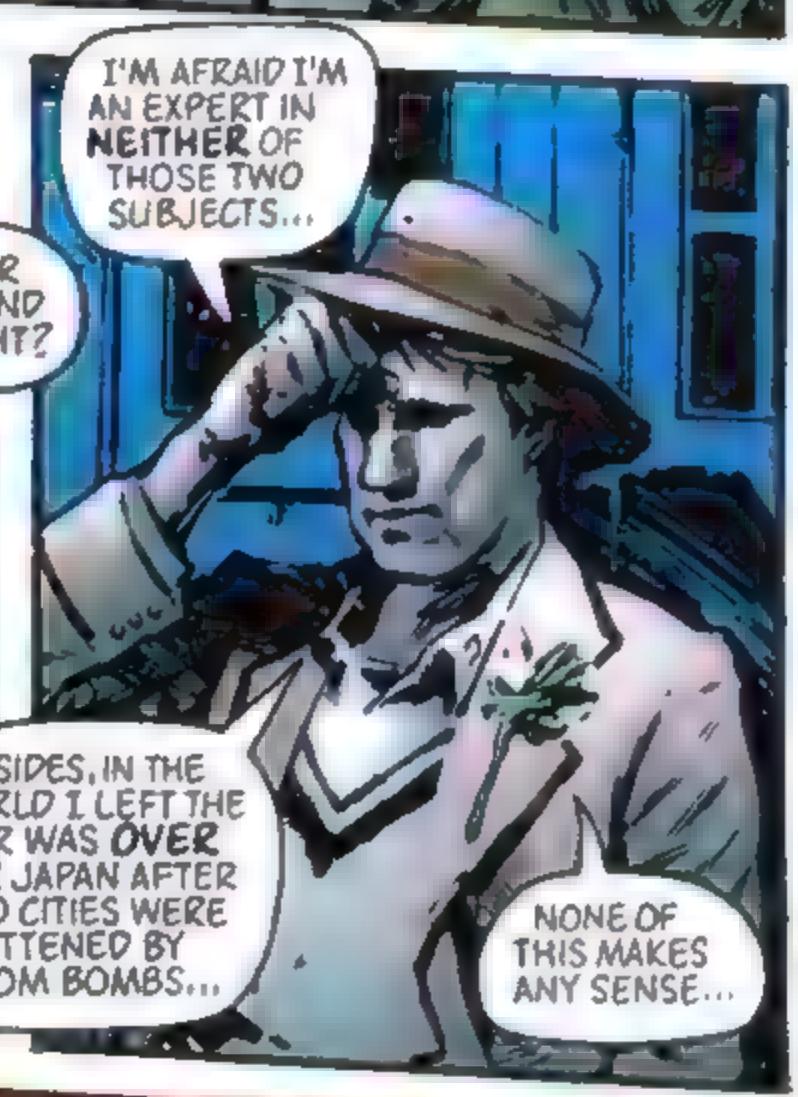
ARE YOU BRITISH?
NO, BUT THANKS FOR THE COMPLIMENT.
YOU, I TAKE IT... ARE AN AMERICAN...


I'M TELLING YOU NOTHING UNTIL YOU TELL ME WHO YOU ARE... AND WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE!
YOU'RE A LONG WAY FROM HOME, PAL! THIS AIN'T YOUR WAR!

REMEMBER FUJI? THE JAPANESE SOLDIER YOU PROBABLY SHOT?
YOU'RE RIGHT ON BOTH ACCOUNTS. I'M JUST A TOURIST... THAT'S WHAT I TRIED TO TELL FUJI...


YES, MY FRIEND... BETWEEN US WE PUT PAID TO A TINY FACTION OF JAPANESE MILITARY MIGHT...

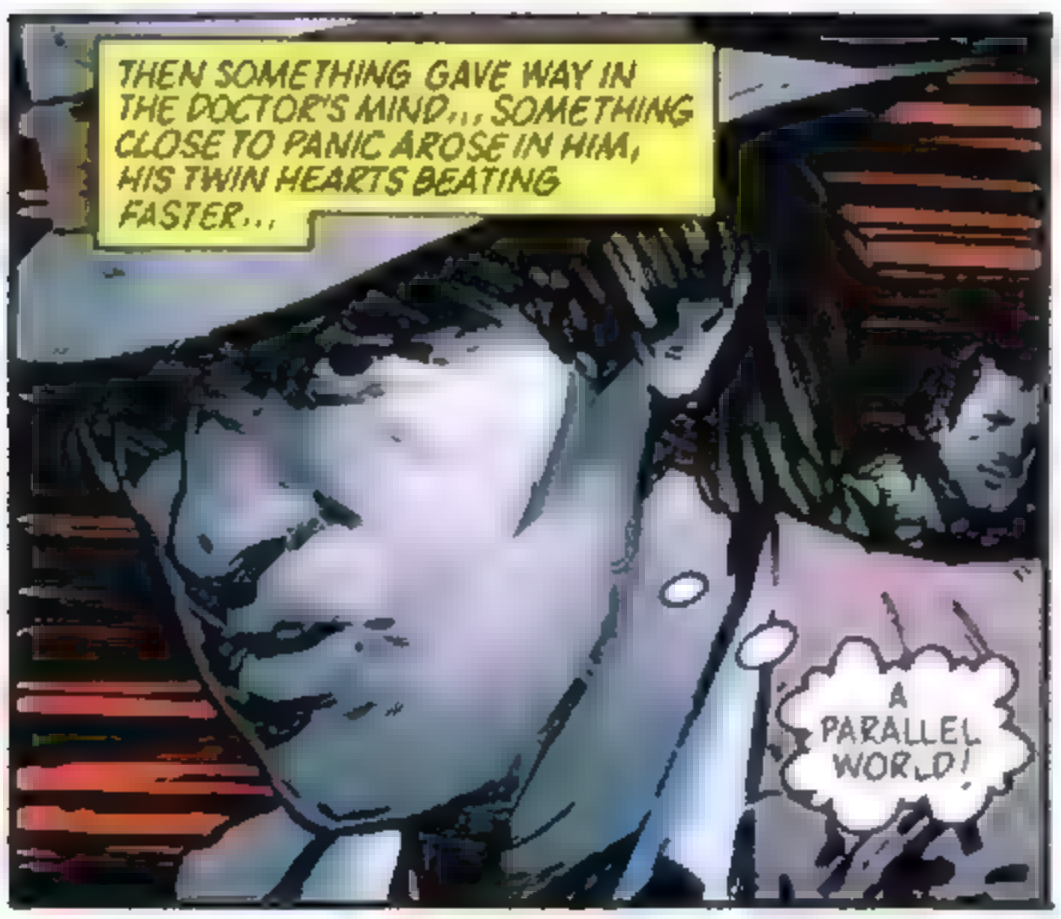
LISTEN, PAL... I'VE BEEN FIGHTING THIS DAMN WAR FOR OVER A YEAR AND FROM WHAT I HEAR TELL THOSE JAPANESE CAN TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES...
ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR, RIGHT?
AND ACCORDINGLY WE SHOULD FEEL PROUD, BUT SOMEHOW I DON'T... FOR SOME STRANGE REASON I FEEL ASHAMED...


I'M AFRAID I'M AN EXPERT IN NEITHER OF THOSE TWO SUBJECTS...
BESIDES, IN THE WORLD I LEFT THE WAR WAS OVER FOR JAPAN AFTER TWO CITIES WERE FLATTENED BY ATOM BOMBS...
NONE OF THIS MAKES ANY SENSE...

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ATOM BOMBS? WHAT ARE YOU... A BRITISH AGENT? SECRET SERVICE? S.I.S.?
NONE OF THOSE THINGS. IT'S DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN...

I'LL TELL YOU ALL YOU WANT TO KNOW IF YOU TELL ME JUST ONE THING...
WHAT DATE IS IT?

DATE? HAH!
A BRITISH AGENT DOESN'T KNOW THE DATE?
WHY IT'S... UH .. LEMME SEE. IT'S AROUND JULY 25TH 1963... WHY?
1963? NINETEEN SIXTY THREE?
WHAT PLANET IS THIS?
ARE YOU KIDDING? WHAT KIND OF DUMB QUESTION IS THAT?
SHUT UP AND ANSWER ME!
IT'S EARTH OF COURSE!


THEN SOMETHING GAVE WAY IN THE DOCTOR'S MIND... SOMETHING CLOSE TO PANIC AROSE IN HIM, HIS TWIN HEARTS BEATING FASTER...
A PARALLEL WORLD!

A PARALLEL EARTH! NOT THE EARTH I KNOW BUT A DIFFERENT ONE...
EXISTING JUST BEYOND THE TEMPORAL FIELD OF ALL THE OTHERS...

THE OTHERS! THERE COULD BE AN INFINITE NUMBER!
INFINITY. I'M LOST IN INFINITY..

I'M LOST IN TIME!
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU BLABBERING ABOUT?
BUT THE DOCTOR COULD NOT ANSWER... HE COULD ONLY STUMBLE BLINDLY INTO THE SEA, HIS MIND RACING...

I NEVER ARRIVED BACK ON EARTH! EVERYTHING WAS DIFFERENT FROM THE START!

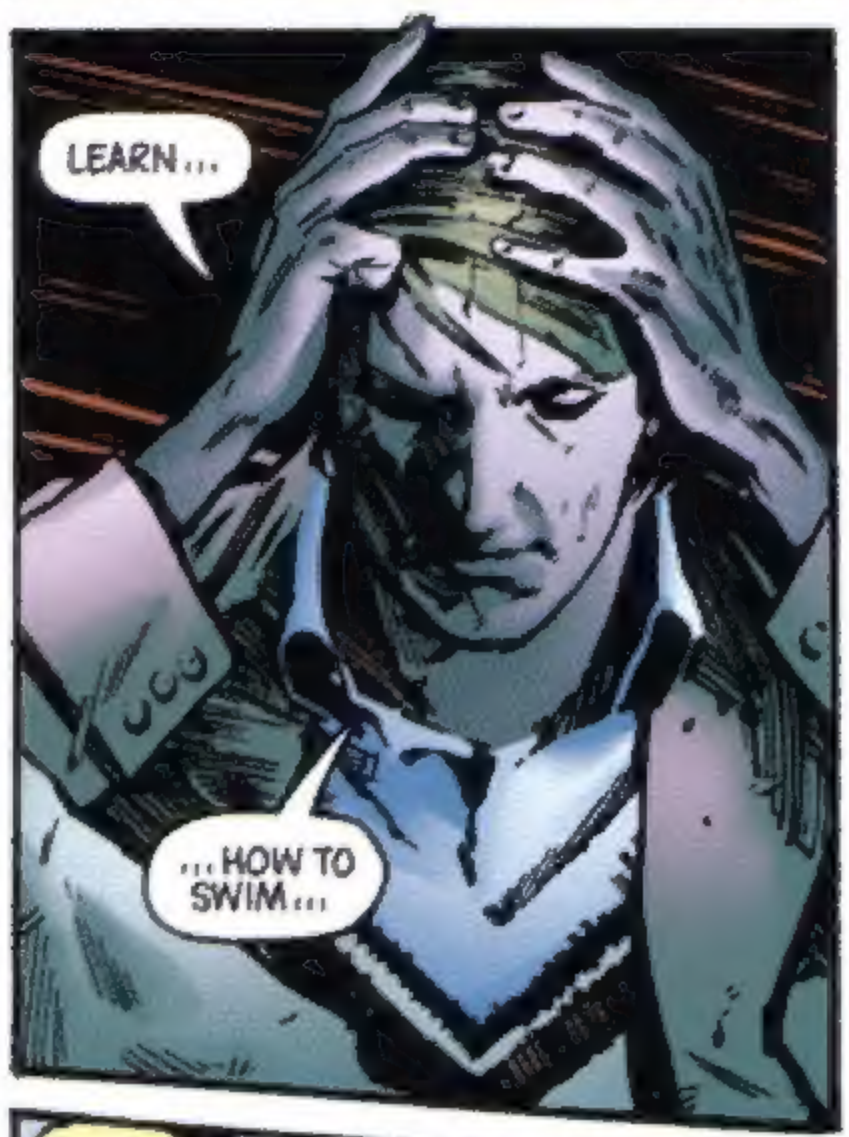
INFINITY YAWNED BEFORE HIM LIKE A GATEWAY TO HELL... HIS JOURNEY HAD BECOME FUTILE, MEANINGLESS...
AND NOW EARTH, HIS SECOND HOME, WAS SLIPPING FROM HIS GRASP...
THE TIDES OF TIME HAD CLAIMED HIM, JUST AS THE OCEAN NOW PLUCKED HIM FROM THE SHORE AND TOOK HIM INTO ITS DEPTHS!
AND HE FELT HIMSELF YIELDING TO ITS EMBRACE...
HEY...YOU CRAZY SON OF A...COME OUT OF THERE!
JEEZ... HE'S GOING TO COMMIT SUICIDE!
HE'S GONE!
OH, HELL... HE'S GONE!

I'VE GOT TO GET HIM OUT!
THERE HE IS! HE'S JUST GONE DOWN FOR THE THIRD TIME!
STRUGGLING AGAINST THE CURRENT, THE FLIER HAULED THE DOCTOR SHOREWARDS...
AND THERE A BIG WAVE CAUGHT THEM, SURFING THEM TO THE BEACH...

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, PAL... BUT IF YOU'RE DROWNED I'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU...
YOU MUST'VE GOT HERE SOMEHOW...
DON'T DIE ON ME, YOU DAMNED LIMEY... JUST DON'T DIE ON ME... YOU'RE MY TICKET OUT OF THIS PLACE...
AND YOU'RE GONNA GET ME OUT IF I HAVE TO POUND YOU BACK TO LIFE!

C'MON... TAKE A BREATH!
BREATHE, DAMMIT!
AS IF ON COMMAND, THE DOCTOR TOOK A LONG, SHUDDERING BREATH... HIS LUNGS BURNING WITH SALT WATER...

I'VE BEEN... AROUND FOR A RELATIVELY... LONG TIME. DIFFERENT PLACES... DIFFERENT TIMES... AND I NEVER DID...

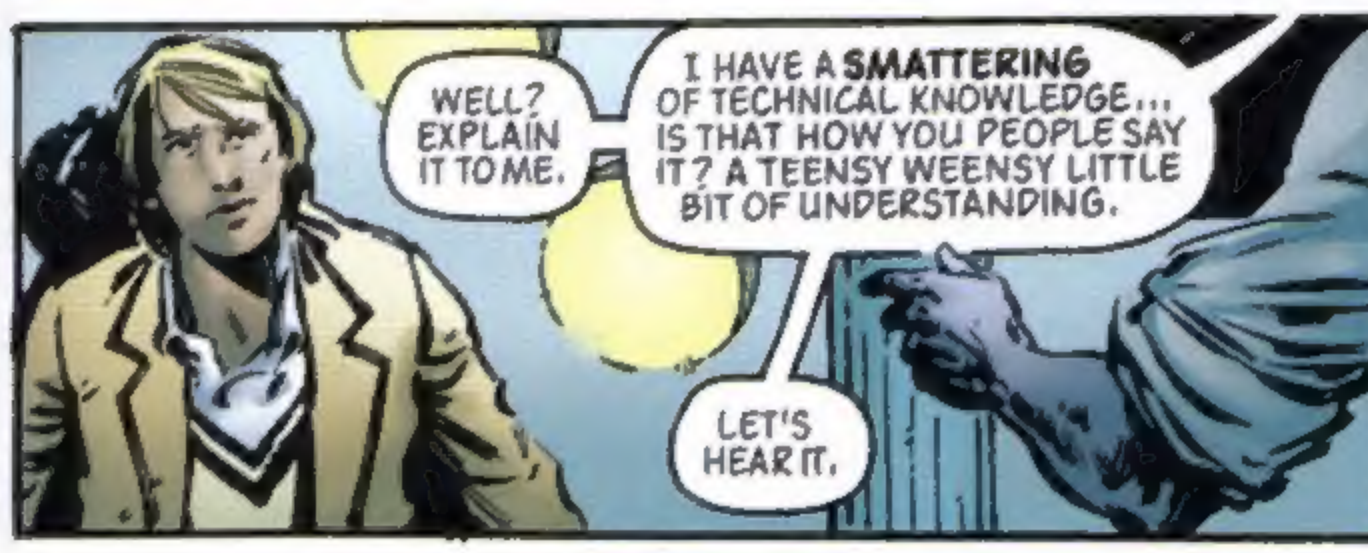

LEARN...
...HOW TO SWIM...

THE WHAT?
THE BOX OF TRICKS...
HELP ME... BACK TO THE TARDIS, WILL YOU?

HOLY COW!

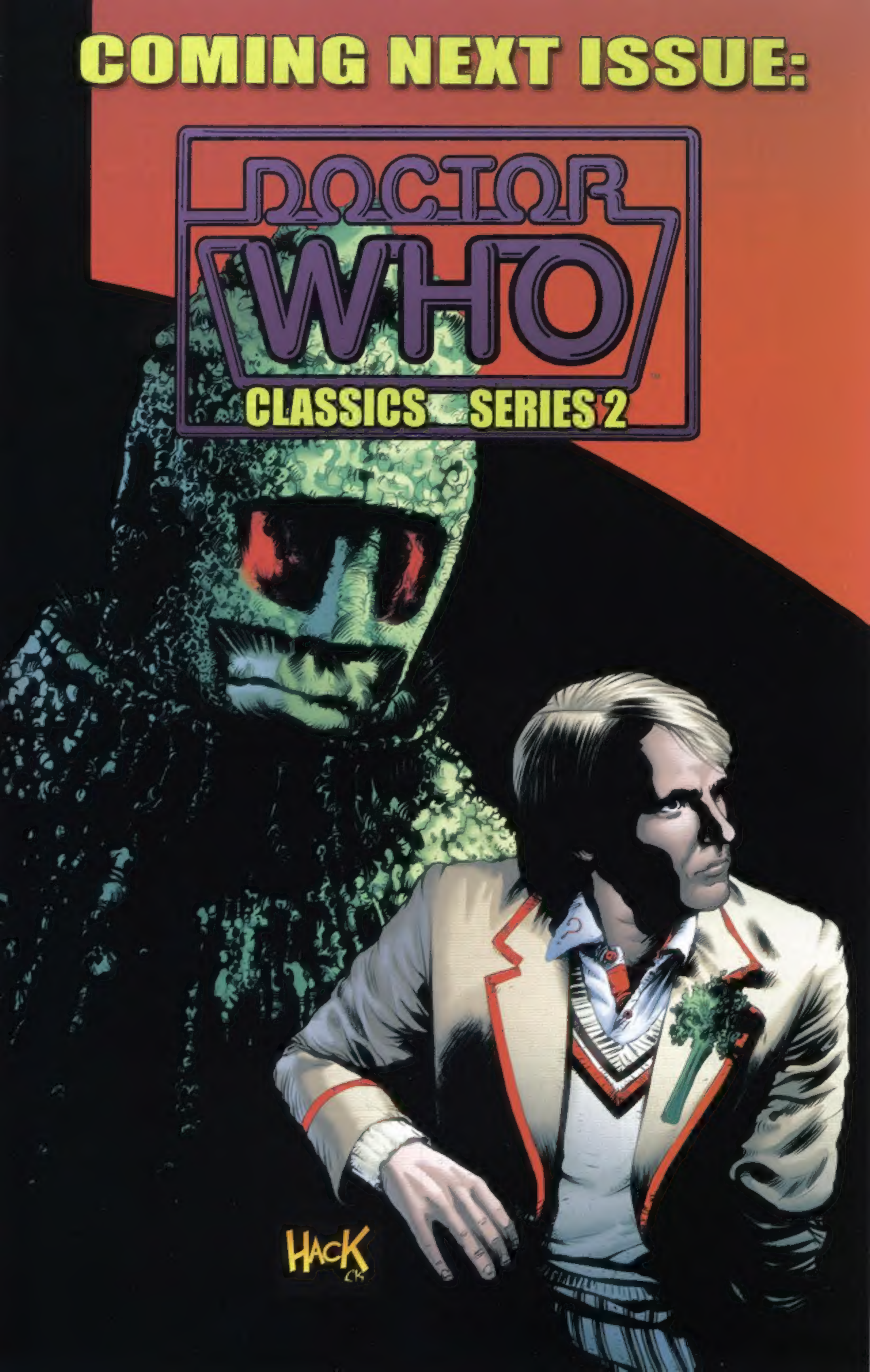
YOUR REACTION IS REFRESHINGLY DIRECT...
ME? LISTEN, AFTER THREE YEARS IN THE AIR FORCE I'LL BELIEVE ANYTHING!
YOU'RE STANDING IN A TIME-MACHINE.
ARE YOU... CAN YOU... WOULD YOU BE PREPARED TO ACCEPT SOMETHING ... DIFFICULT?
SOMETHING YOU MAY FIND HARD TO BELIEVE?
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

IT'S A MOCK-UP... THIS WHOLE THING... IT'S GOTTA BE.
NOBODY TRAVELS IN TIME.


WELL? EXPLAIN IT TO ME.
I HAVE A SMATTERING OF TECHNICAL KNOWLEDGE... IS THAT HOW YOU PEOPLE SAY IT? A TEENSY WEENSY LITTLE BIT OF UNDERSTANDING.
LET'S HEAR IT.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GET OUT OF THIS WAR?
I MEAN... JOHN WAYNE I'M NOT.
ARE YOU KIDDING? I'D GIVE MY BACK TEETH...

WHAT ARE YOU PEOPLE UP TO? I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE ECCENTRIC, YOU KNOW? BUT THIS?
NOBODY TRAVELS IN TIME.

NEXT > INTO THE WIDE BLUE YONDER

COMING NEXT ISSUE: